

## Eleanor rigby

Petr Kolář

Ah, look at all the lonely people.  
Ah, look at all the lonely people.

Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice in the church  
where a wedding has been.  
Lives in a dream.  
Waits at the window, wearing the face  
that she keeps in a jar by the door.  
Who is it for?

All the lonely people.  
Where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people.  
Where do they all belong?

Father McKenzie writing the words of a sermon  
that no one will hear.  
No one comes near.  
Look at him working.  
Darning his socks in the night  
when there's nobody there.  
What does he care?

All the lonely people.  
Where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people.  
Where do they all belong?

Eleanor Rigby died in the church  
and was buried along with her name.  
Nobody came.  
Father McKenzie wiping the dirt from his hands  
as he walks from the grave.  
No one was saved.

All the lonely people.  
Where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people.  
Where do they all belong?